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SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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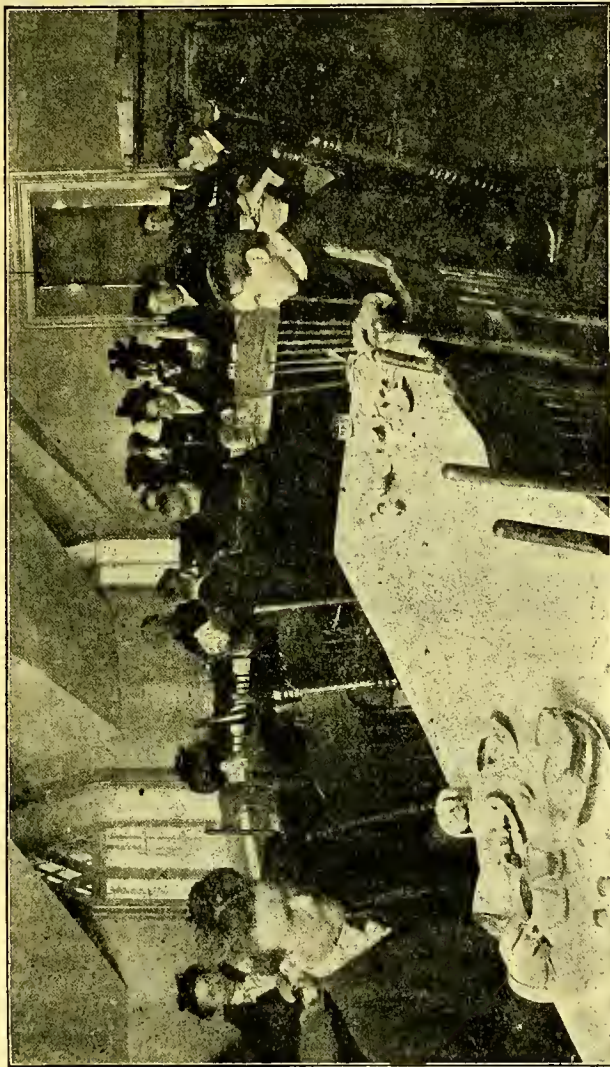
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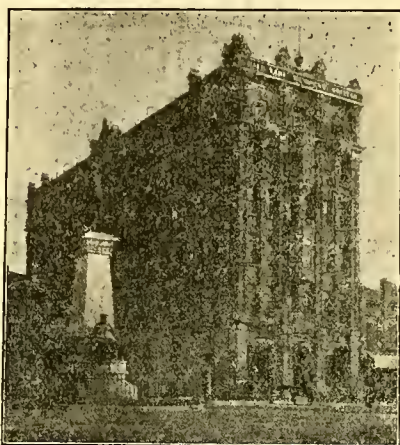
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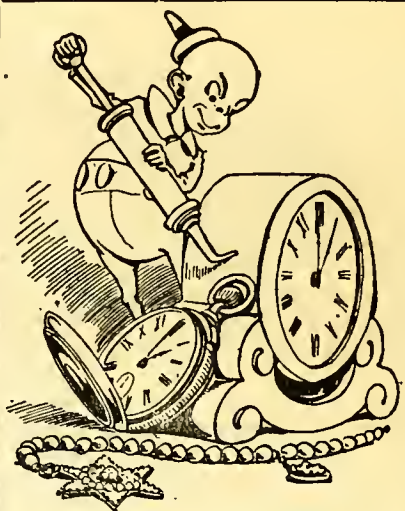
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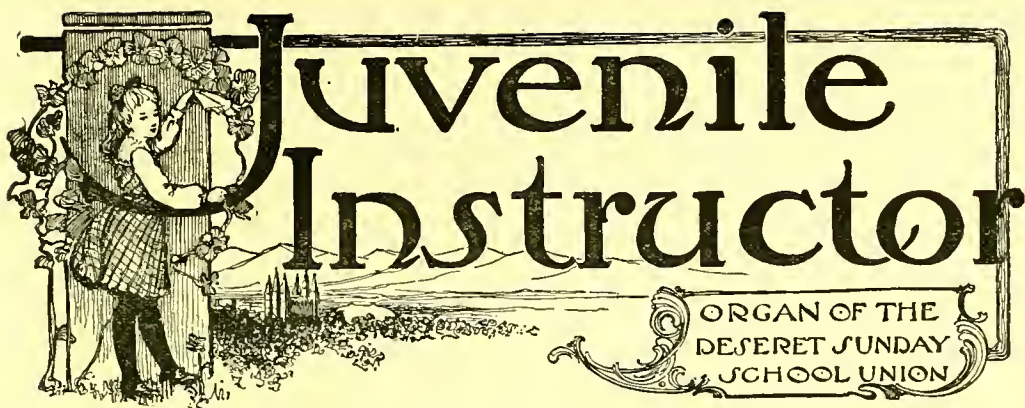
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No. 21.

OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY.

THE OUTERMOST ISLAND.

BY reference to any map of Europe it may be seen that the west coast of Norway is skirted by thousands of little islands, which are called, in the language of the country, *Skjaergaarden*. In these islands the Norwegian justly glories, as they form, perhaps, the best defense against men-of-war that any country possesses. The deep channels between the islands are few, irregular in their courses, and are connected with numerous branches that are filled with submarine reefs, on which vessels are easily stranded. So difficult is it to obtain an accurate knowledge of this labyrinth of narrow, winding water passages, between the countless little islands, that even the pilots of the country who have been brought up to know a few miles of the straits intimately, fail at times to bring a vessel through safely, because some hitherto unsuspected reef is encountered.

The history of Norway illustrates what a safeguard these islands have been in times of war. At different periods, invading armies have attempted to land from some of the larger harbors, but

almost invariably their efforts have failed and their ships have been wrecked, owing to the difficulty of steering safely among the thousands of submerged reefs. On a recent visit to Norway, the writer had the nature of the Norwegian *Skjaergaard* impressed upon him. Small vessels ply every other day between the city of Drontheim, the former capital of Norway, and the islands lying off the coast. Some sixteen passages were made by these vessels, during the writer's visit there, and out of the sixteen, three resulted in more or less serious shipwrecks. This occurred in spite of the fact that the captains of the vessels had traveled the same route three times a week for more than a score of years.

How these islands came to be off the coast of Norway, is of itself, an interesting story. In days long gone by, so geologists tell us, a mighty mountain range lifted its back above the waters in the place that now forms the coast of Norway. As the ages came and went, the persistent action of the atmosphere, the rains, the snows and the glaciers reduced the height of the great peaks of this mountain range, deepened its

valleys, and brought it nearer the level of the sea. Then the waves of the ocean, rendered furious by the northern storms, rushed landward and in their passage picked up the large boulders that had fallen from the crags, and hurled them against the shore, thus cutting the shoreline, deepening the fjords and making the shoreline rough and uneven. Then came a time when that portion of the earth, known as North-

so we are told, the country is again slowly rising.

As would naturally be expected from the story of their formation, the islands are bare, rocky and irregular in outline. On those lying farthest away from the land, there is not a tree to be found, and very few shrubs more than three feet in height. In different places, little valleys have been formed, and into these the decayed rock from the hill-



FISHING VILLAGE ON THE OUTERMOST ISLAND.

The Pillar-Like Objects Near the Foreground are Sheaves of Grain, Impaled on Large Sticks to Keep Them from the Wet Ground.

ern Europe, began to sink. The great Norwegian range plunged into the water, sank deeper and deeper, year by year, until finally it was so nearly covered that only the tops of its highest peaks were visible above the water, and these, today, form the innumerable host of islands off the coast of modern Norway. At the present time,

sides has been washed to form a soil in which plants may grow. Covering a great portion of the island, however, is an abundance of moss and of heather, and of small trailing plants that carry berries of various kinds. In some places, the moss has been growing for centuries, and a deep layer of peat has been formed which is used by the inhabitants

as fuel. In other places, there may be hollows where the rain water has accumulated to form the beautiful *Tjermis*, or small mountain lakes, so dear to the heart of every Norwegian.

When the long, cold northern winter breaks, and spring appears in her first strength, there can be no more glorious place than these islands. On the moss, on the peat, on the soil of the valleys, and on the rocks themselves, is a wealth and variety of flowers, that, it would seem, more than compensates for the absence of trees and shrubs. Flowers bloom there as nowhere else. There is plenty of water and warmth at that season, and the absence of trees results in an abundance of light that transforms the weakly, sickly flowers of the forest into creations of marvelous beauty. In the spring, the sea is still angry. It roars, and threatens, and at times, works itself into a passion which, however, is only play compared with the fierceness and doggedness of the winter storms. A flower-covered island in the midst of a ruffled ocean, and under the mild heat of the northern sun, is a scene that lives long in the memories of those who see it.

Then comes summer. The ocean settles down to rest. The fishermen row bravely miles away from the islands; the birds return, and on every high point, and on every sunny hillside, may be seen the thousands and millions of snow white or pure gray sea birds, resting in the sunshine. The days lengthen out until night is but a few hours long. The sun shines eighteen, twenty or more hours in a day, and there is no darkness upon the land. The flowers last throughout the summer. True, a change occurs; for some disappear, and others appear, but the flower clothes of the island remain unchanged except for the change of color. To those who pass the islands,

it is a sign of the season when the red changes to blue and the blue to yellow, and the yellow fades into the colorless gray. Then, towards the end of the summer, there is an abundance of berries to take the place of the larger fruits in other places of the world. The nutritious, health-giving blueberry is found in greatest abundance, and along with it, a number of very nearly related berries. Then there is the red and somewhat bitter *tytte-berry*, which in many respects resembles the cranberry, but which is infinitely superior when made up into preserves. And lastly, to mention only the leading kinds, there is a delicious, semi-transparent, pale yellow *milkte-berry*, which for delicacy of flavor and taste, is not excelled by any other fruit.

Summer, there, is short; and after it come the barrenness and desolation of a rock standing alone and uncovered in mid ocean. The flowers fade until none are left. The berries dry and fall to the ground. The birds, one kind at a time, gather into great flocks, and amid much noise and cackling begin their journey to the south. The days grow shorter, the nights longer, the ocean rolls restlessly and the autumn feeling is in the air. When winter at last comes, the islands are even more cheerless. The late fall storms are incessant at the opening of the winter, and frequently continue throughout the season. There is seldom a day when the waves do not run high and wash in seventy-five to a hundred and fifty feet upon the shore. The days are shortened until there are barely four or five hours of daylight, the rest is partial or complete darkness. Snow falls at times, but does not last long. The melted snow, however, running off the hillsides, washes the rocks clean, and under the leaden winter sky the island looks a grayish brown with

steel white spots where the washed granite appears. All vegetation disappears during that long winter. The birds all migrate southward; the fishermen stay in their houses, or if they venture out upon the sea they do so at the peril of their lives. The place is sea-locked; for few vessels dare to brave the rough waters in the narrow straits and channels to visit the outlying islands. So the winter passes in a forced and almost unnatural quietness and in a practically absolute rest. At length it is broken, spring re-appears,

and the scenes just described are re-enacted.

Thus on the outermost islands, extremes of nature are shown in a manner that is hardly to be appreciated by those whose lives are spent among the dull monotony of the mainland, and away from the ocean. It is true, also, that these varying phases of nature, illustrating its greatest intensity, in fierceness and in gentleness, have reacted upon the people who live upon the islands, until a peculiar race has been developed.

John A. Widtsoe.



SOME OF OUR POETS.

INTRODUCTION.

POETRY is defined by Webster as "modes of expressing thought and feeling which are suitable to the imagination when excited or elevated, and characterized usually by a measured form of one sort or another." A more poetic definition of the term is given by Coleridge, who says "Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language."

It is said "the difference between poetry and prose is that the one comes from the heart, while the other is a product of the mind." Accepting this as true we may conclude with Wordsworth that "that which comes from the heart goes to the heart." In other words, the emotions or thoughts of one's heart when expressed in poetry appeal to and strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of the reader or hearer, while, we might add, the mind's ideas when ex-

pressed are conveyed only to the mind of the listener. To appreciate this explanation of the difference between poetry and prose it must be understood that the "mind" refers to the intellect or understanding, and the "heart" to the seat of the finer feelings or affections. Taking this explanation as a guide we may conclude that that which arouses our finer feelings or emotions when presented to our senses is poetry, while that which only awakens our grosser mentality is commonplace and prosy. Poetry, therefore, may be expressed in other language than that of words. Strains of music, the beauties of nature, the justice and wisdom of the Creator call forth our admiration—one of the finer feelings of man—hence are poetical. How deeply such things impress our finer senses depends upon our capacity or ability to comprehend them. Mankind therefore differ in their opinions of what

is idealistic or poetic. No set rules can be given by which it can be decided what is purely poetical and what is not, although there are certain ideas that are decidedly elevated while on the other hand there are others entirely devoid of ideality. There are subjects which suggest to the mind poetic thought—elevated feelings—while others have no tendency to inspire the imagination to rise above a commonplace, ordinary level. No one will dispute the fact that the writings of Isaiah are sublimely poetical, nor will any one claim that a textbook on mathematics is anything but prosy. These examples may be considered extremes, between which there is a blending medium—not a “happy medium,” by the way—as it is right here with poetry as with other things, where differences of opinion arise among critics.

It is said that the American people are not poetical, that is poetry does not enter into their lives so largely as it does in European countries—notably Germany. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the American nation is comparatively young. Poetry and the fine arts are but luxuries or non-essentials to those who are struggling for a bare existence against great odds. The refined arts are what follow when prosperity and peace are secured. Again, the lack of appreciation of poetry on the part of the people in the past may be excusable from the fact that before the advent of Longfellow, Bryant and our other famous poets there was but little in the line of written poetry for the masses to appreciate, or to educate them up to a position where they could enjoy and understand the so-called classics of English poets. Before the time of Robert Burns the poetry of Great Britain was not such as could be appreciated by the masses of the people. The style of

verse formerly most popular with writers was the epic or heroic poem—a long, tedious narration of the deeds of some hero, detailed in painfully exact measured lines. Such productions, as the brilliant and lamented American poet, Edgar Allan Poe, declares, are not poems, (unless each one can be considered a collection or group of poems,) from the fact that the mind cannot be kept at an elevated pitch necessary to their appreciation a sufficient length of time to peruse them from beginning to end.

Among the Latter-day Saints the poetic spirit seems to be very widely diffused. This is not at all strange or unaccountable. Their history portrays many pathetic scenes that call forth the sympathy of the tender heart; it is replete with romantic incidents that awaken our emotions of pleasure; it recounts many noble deeds of valor that challenge our admiration; aye, and records dark tragedies that fill the mind with horror! Surrounded by grand mountain heights, their souls gush forth in the appreciation of the sublimity and beauty of nature; and the safety of their secluded homes, guarded by their rocky ramparts, insures to them freedom and peace.

These alone are enough to suggest poetic thought, yet in addition to these are still more inspiring motives to awaken the muse to lofty flights. The grand and exalting truths upon which their faith is founded—the heaven-born doctrines revealed through the great latter-day prophet—are enough to inspire the mind with the sublimest ideas, and cause it to soar to the portals of glory on high. O, who could not be a poet under such favorable conditions, having free access to the truths of heaven, and dwelling continually in the light of divine inspiration!

True it is that the number who actually write poetry is limited to comparatively few; but this does not signify that the remaining majority are not poets, to some extent at least. Those who compose music and those who paint pictures are not the only ones who are musicians and artists. They who can interpret the composer's thoughts from the written notes, and they who can grasp the painter's ideas from the canvas, are not they too musicians, and are not they artists? So those who can interpret the poet's thoughts from his lines are in reality poets though they make no attempt to write verse. Everyone who can appreciate the ideal of beauty, of harmony, is to some degree a poet. The soul that has no taste for the beautiful—can see no poetry in nature—is depraved indeed.

In presenting brief sketches of some of Zion's poetic writers it seems most fitting to begin with one whose pure life and noble deeds as well as her poems have immortalized her name and endeared it to every Latter-day Saint who was acquainted with or knew of her. It is scarcely necessary to mention her name—Eliza R. Snow Smith. In speaking of poetical writers it would be highly proper to give prominence to the Prophet Joseph Smith, whose inspired writings abound with most sublime utterances, regarding them from a literary standpoint. But as his words are of so much more value on account of their divinely prophetic character it appears needless to call attention to their poetic worth. One only of the many important truths he made known to mankind is far more precious than all the poetry (that has literary merit only) extant in the world.

ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH.

Eliza R. Snow Smith was the daughter

of Oliver and Rosetta Pettibone Snow. She was born in Becket, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, January 21, 1804. Her parents moved to Mantua, Portage County, Ohio, when she was a child. Very early in life she developed a literary taste and acquired considerable local recognition as a poet by contributing to various periodicals. At the age of twenty-one she was invited to write for publication a requiem for John



ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH.

Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both of whom died on the 4th of July, 1826. The production of her pen in response to this request brought to her additional fame as a writer.

Miss Snow received a careful education in the schools of her time and neighborhood, and was not only accomplished in literary pursuits but was skilled in household duties.

In the year 1835 she learned from her

sister about the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Latter-day Saints, then located at Kirtland, in the same State in which she resided. The tidings her sister, who had visited Kirtland, brought regarding the great latter-day work were joyous to Eliza's ears. Her only fear was that the news was too good to be true. It is needless to say that she received the Gospel message with her whole heart. Bidding her old home and associates farewell, and forsaking all worldly prospects before her, she repaired to Kirtland. Arriving there she boarded with the Prophet's family and engaged in the occupation of teaching a select school for young ladies. She was one of the first women in this age to enter into the order of plural marriage, being married to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the year 1843.

Of her life and character many of the Latter-day Saints are familiar through association with her. From the time she embraced the Gospel she shared with the Saints their difficulties, their travels, and their prosperity in later years. To recount her experiences would be to repeat the incidents in the history of the Church from the time she identified herself with it till the time of her death. In this hasty sketch it is the purpose to speak more particularly of her literary abilities than of her many other worthy acquirements.

The most striking characteristics of Sister Snow's poems are their simplicity and modest purity. She seems to have realized that simplicity is the beauty of excellence. Although it is evident from her works that she possessed an extensive vocabulary, she is exceedingly sparing in her use of words, making no ostentatious attempt to display, merely for show, her mastery of language. She thereby does not exhaust by any means her stock of words nor her store of

poetical phrases in a single poem. She realized that poetry must be understood in order that it may be intelligently appreciated, and her productions need no editor to interpret their meaning by inserting copious foot-notes to explain ambiguous passages. Indeed it is a sad reflection on the expressing powers of a poet when his works require an interpreter to make his thoughts understood by people of his own time and familiar with his tongue. While such is the case with some modern poets whose works are regarded as classical, it is not so with the writings of the subject of this essay.

As a rule the productions of Sister Snow are not flowery, they do not to any great extent abound with metaphor, similes or figures of speech, nor does she indulge often in flights of fancy. Her general style is didactic. Her verses are full of good sentiments and wise philosophy, or descriptive of scenes and occurrences. Taken in the order of their creation her poems present a delineation or outline of her life history, as they furnish an almost complete chain of events connected with the scenes she witnessed and the experiences she passed through. Every passing incident seems to have furnished a theme for her muse. She dwells upon the persecutions of the Saints, depicting some of the terrible tragedies they experienced, recounting the many happenings of their great exodus, and sings in joyful strains on their arrival in the peaceful resting place they found in these valleys of the west.

Like Whittier, she wrote poetry for a purpose—not only to amuse and please, or to win laurels or praise, but to instruct. With her, poetry was used as a means to impart in a pleasing way intelligence and encouragement to her fellow-beings. In this she was eminently

successful. Her lyrics or hymns, such as are published in the Latter-day Saints' Hymn Book, are perhaps equally valued for the principles or doctrines they unfold as for their poetic beauty. Especially is this the case with that most beautiful hymn, entitled "Invocation," commencing with the words "O my Father." This one production indeed is sufficient to entitle her to a high degree of distinction among poets. The name of John Howard Payne has become renowned through that one universally admired song composed by him—"Home, Sweet Home,"—which is known and sung the world over; Francis Scott Key's fame is embalmed in that inspiring poem, "The Star Spangled Banner;" and Eliza R. Snow's name will be ever held in remembrance by that one hymn, "O my Father." Simple as is the language of this poem the exalted thought or feeling it inspires transcends all other things within the grasp of the human, finite mind. Students of Shakespeare point out passages in his works that are rich in thought and full of meaning—passages in which every word seems to be laden with wisdom or deep philosophy—but they will search his writings in vain to find so much philosophy condensed into such limited compass as the thirty-two lines of Eliza R. Snow's "Invocation."

Among the poetic effusions of Sister Snow are to be found a number that are written for children. Many of these are bright little gems remarkably suited to the capacity of the youthful mind. The "Primary Hymn Book," compiled by her, contains several of these poems, which, like her other productions, are replete with instruction or moral sentiments. As her productions are so widely circulated among the Saints, being published in several of our home books and periodicals, it is scarcely necessary

to reproduce extracts from them in this connection. Perhaps no other books of poetry published in our community have met with such an extensive circulation as the two volumes of poems published by the subject of this writing.

After a long and eventful life, filled with usefulness, Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith passed peacefully from mortality on the 5th of December, 1887. Ever modest, and averse to pompous display, she penned the following simple request concerning the last rites performed for her in mortality:

BURY ME QUIETLY WHEN I DIE.

When my spirit ascends to the world above,
To unite with the choirs in celestial love,
Let the finger of silence control the bell,
To restrain the sound of a funeral knell;
Let no mournful strain—not a sound be heard
By which a pulse of the heart is stirred—
No note of sorrow to prompt a sigh:
Bury me quietly when I die.

I am aiming to earn a celestial crown—
To merit a heavenly pure renown;
And, whether in grave or in tomb I'm laid,
Beneath the tall oak, or the cypress shade;
Whether at home with dear friends around,
Or in distant lands, upon stranger ground,
Under wintry clouds, or a summer sky:
Bury me quietly when I die.

What avails the parade and splendor here,
To a legal heir to a heavenly sphere?
To heirs of salvation what is the worth,
In their perishing state, the frail things of earth?
What is death to the good, but an entrance gate
That is placed on the verge of a rich estate,
Where commissioned escorts are waiting by?
Bury me quietly when I die.

On the "iron rod" I have laid my hold;
If I keep the faith, and, like Paul of old,
Shall "have fought the good fight," and Christ
the Lord
Has a crown in store with a full reward
Of the Holy Priesthood in fullness rife,
With the gifts and the powers of an endless
life,
And a glorious mansion for me on high:
Bury me quietly when I die.

When the orb of day sinks down in the west,
 When its light reclines on the evening crest;
 When the lamp in the socket is low and dim;
 When the cup of life is filled up to the brim;
 When the golden autumn's brief glass is run,
 And gray winter with whit'ing tread moves on;
 When the arrow of death from its bow shall fly:
 Bury me quietly when I die.

Like a beacon that rises o'er ocean's wave,
 There's a light—there's a life beyond the grave;

The future is bright, and it beckons me on
 Where the noble and pure and the brave have
 gone,
 Those who battled for truth with their mind and
 might,
 With their garments clean and their armor
 bright:
 They are dwelling with God in a world on high:
 Bury me quietly when I die.

Edwin F. Parry.



AT THE SEVEN FALLS.

OH, Min, guess something lovely that's going to happen!" said Alice Brent, bursting into the room where her cousin sat studying, and shutting the door in the zest of her enthusiasm with a deafening bang.

"I can't," said Min, "unless it's that your nature is going to be transformed, and you may become quiet enough to enter a room without suggesting the sweep of a cyclone, or something of that kind. I can't imagine anything lovelier happening than that."

"But it's really something better, my dearest chum," said Alice, with her accustomed indifference to remarks aimed at her failings. "Papa and Uncle Henry have just come, and I heard them telling mama down stairs that we are to take a summer outing in Colorado—visit all the famous resorts—Manitou, the springs—and I don't know what all. Think how glorious it will be anywhere in those grand canyons."

"When do we start?" asked Min, her face gleaming with delight, and even laying aside her book under the stress of her friend's enthusiasm.

"Just as soon as school is out, I sup-

pose. I heard papa say, 'We will start just as soon as the girls are ready,' which of course means sometime about the middle of June, or first of July at latest."

"Then the quicker we get our lessons the better," said Min, at once resuming her book. "There are lots of things I want to do before then—and all the time I shall have is after study hours."

"Study!" exclaimed Alice in disgust. "Do you mean to say you can settle down to anything as humdrum as grammar and geography with such news as that fresh in your mind? I cannot even try while I'm so excited."

"I think we shall both have to settle down to study, trip or no trip, if we are to get any 'excellents' in our reports," Min replied. "It is only two weeks more to examination, and it will take some study work if we are to get promotion."

"Yes, but all the same I'll have to wait an hour or two, till I'm calmed down," Alice answered lightly. "I wouldn't know a noun from an interjection now, and the only geography I'm capable of holding in mind is the

location of Colorado on the map of our country."

She danced gaily out of the room, and Minnie went to her studies with a sigh.

She knew from past experience what the procrastination meant. Supper time would come without a line learned of tomorrow's lessons. Afterwards there would be something interesting going on in the parlor—singing, talking or story-telling—and the studying would be put off till bed time, to be done when the tired senses were compelling rest, and perception and retentiveness were dulled with drowsiness.

It was this system that had so often brought humiliation to her cousin in the classroom—humiliation that held the more of condemnation, since Alice, outside of school had gained a merited reputation for her exceptional quick wit and marked intelligence.

The trouble of it all had been, in reality, in Alice's training. The only child of idolizing parents, she had been allowed to follow chiefly the impulses of her own will, which unfortunately led her too much to idleness and self-indulgence. Of discipline she knew next to nothing, so that spite of her bright wit and quick intellect, nearly all that she had gained in practical knowledge and education so far had been at hap-hazard.

Of late her parents, realizing the effect of their slack discipline on the child, had tried to inculcate some method into her training, but it seemed, so far—from the ill-success which had attended their efforts to direct her will—that the work had been begun too late. So long had she been allowed to follow its natural dictates, that now at fifteen years of age, she had begun to regard anything like interference or dictation from others in the light somewhat of presumption, and her parents, having sown the seed of this independence, had

to reap the fruits with what patience they might summon.

Having struggled vainly with the self-will and careless habits of her spoiled child, it was with joy that Mrs. Brent welcomed the advent of her sister's daughter in their household. Minnie Hale had come to them at the beginning of the last winter for the benefit of the superior school advantages, which were lacking in her country home, and Mrs. Brent hoped much from the influence of the quiet, but strong and self-contained character which she witnessed in her niece. Of the same age as Alice, and reared under the same conditions, being an only child, as was her cousin, she was, however, Alice's exact opposite in disposition and habits.

Careful training had matured into wholesome development the strong, good qualities inherent in her nature, which with the same slack discipline that Alice had suffered might have run to mere self-will and superficial mental brilliance, as had her cousin's.

But spite of the constant association into which the two girls were thrown, and from which Mrs. Brent had looked for much in the way of Alice's redemption, but little improvement had so far been wrought in the child's nature. Habit had become too strong for mere influence or example to work upon with much effect, and it seemed that unless some severe lesson should occur to effect a change, that Alice's brilliant gifts and naturally strong character were to suffer much for lack of that needed force of will or training that should have guided them into right channels.

Thus it was, that whilst a strong affection existed between the two girls, they yet remained unlike in aim and nature; for while Alice could not but admire and even envy at times the steady force of character which made

Minnie an example in application and achievement, the emulation which she at times attempted was too spasmodic for permanent results, and her mother saw with sorrow that the agency of example which she had counted upon as a help seemed as futile to accomplish the desired good as her own tardy efforts at discipline had been. There seemed to be nothing now indeed but for her child to live to bear the fruits which her careless and headstrong proclivities must inevitably produce, since neither lectures, examples nor ridicule seemed to be of any avail in changing her.

This last experience in regard to lessons turned out as Minnie had feared. Not only were the day's studies slighted, but during the next two weeks school duties, in spite of their importance, in view of the coming examinations, occupied an insignificant place in her attention. The result was that Alice had the humiliation, at the end of the term, of seeing her cousin booked for promotion in the next fall term, while she herself remained in the inferior grade.

This, which to Minnie, with her high aims and ambitions, would have been a sore trial, with Alice had but a momentary effect. Aglow with excitement at thought of the coming trip, she let the promised pleasure wipe out the sense of disappointment at her recent defeat, and in a few days had ceased to repine or grieve for it.

It was this carelessness in regard to the serious things of existence that promised fatal results in the life-battle which she, with all others who are placed upon earth, must wage. The real things to her were the light things, the serious questions to be put out of consideration, either wholly or as long as possible, as matters of secondary interest.

The proposed pleasure trip then was

sufficient to keep her mind full, to the exclusion of all serious affairs, till the time came for their departure. Whilst Minnie was devoting extra hours to her music, in view of the many weeks in which she would have little or no opportunity for practicing, looking into the new books which were to be her future studies, as a preparation against the work which would await their projected late return in the fall, Alice was wearing out clerks and dressmakers with her frequent indecisive calls, her nature, like all superficially impulsive ones, being hasty and uncertain. These things, together with her thoughts and long talks of the anticipated trip, took up all the time that passed before their departure, so that nothing else had been accomplished in the interval between school time and the trip. When at last the day arrived for their departure, her excitement knew no bounds, and the result of her protracted strain of high spirits and wild anticipation brought about a nervous headache, that reduced her to the verge of prostration during the entire trip to Manitou. During the ride through the Royal Gorge, while Minnie and the others were outside on the platform watching the gigantic cliffs and smiling river that made such marvels in scenic effects as the train moved through the canyons, Alice was in the stateroom struggling against the dizziness induced by the motion of the car rounding the swift curves, an affection which would have been impossible to her strong constitution except in her highly wrought state of nervous excitement. It was a relief to her when the train reached Colorado Springs, and she could find rest from the effect of the jolting, swaying car. How different had been her anticipations of the ride every moment of which was to have been filled with excitement and pleasure, the

others as well as herself knew, and her mother asked herself with a sigh, if indeed her child's whole life existence might not be marked with such disappointments, so far removed above earthly trials were all of Alice's anticipations in regard to life. When air castles fill the area of one's mind to the utter exclusion of substantial structures, one must needs expect to see their architecture crumble at the breath of stern experience, if only by that uncanny, but seemingly inviolate law of "contraries" which seems to operate with unexplained but unerring force in this world of disappointments and surprises.

It took two days of absolute rest and quiet to restore Alice to her wonted strength, and in the time Minnie had seen many of the beautiful sights about the springs. It was against the latter's will that she went abroad at all while Alice lay ill, but Alice who, with all her faults, yet lacked the crowning one of selfishness, insisted that she should not lose any opportunities that lay in the short and precious time before them, so she at last was persuaded to go.

The best trip of all, however, the ride to Manitou and excursion into the wonderful Cheyenne canyon was reserved until Alice had recovered, and the delights of this experience promised to repay her for all she had hitherto lost.

It had been her own and Minnie's special longing to visit the resting place of the famous author Helen Hunt Jackson, of whose works both of the girls, though so young, had become familiar. The thought of that lonely grave at the top of the great peak had a great fascination for them, and both wished to make a pilgrimage to the spot. It promised to be a great task to climb the steep ascent to the top of Pike's Peak where the famous author lay alone in the solitude of its sky-soaring summit. The trip,

however, was broken by the coach ride which took them to the very base of the mountain, and from there a carriage conveyed them a considerable way up the formidable ascent.

It was a marvelous panorama that spread out before their gaze on the ride thither. Before them soared the great peak, rising to an altitude of fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet above sea level. On either hand rose giant cliffs, jagged and weather stained, with the wild mountain stream dashing between them like a meteor on its way to the valley.

The fresh mountain breeze that played carelessly about them on the way brought some color back to Alice's pale cheeks and she began to realize the first pleasure she had had since the beginning of the trip. It seemed to her she would like to stay forever among the wild mountain fastnesses, and climb the sides of the peaks if only for the sense of freedom and health the mountain air brought to one's senses. As their carriage reached the spot where further progress was impossible the sight of the rough steps that had been formed for the easier ascent of the mountain seemed to Alice in her new sense of exhilaration to be unnecessary, so strong had become her desire and ambition for some kind of remarkable achievement.

In the gorge that lies in the shadow of the great peak they saw the white waters of the Seven Falls, a series of cascades that leap from pool to pool at heights of from thirty to fifty feet on the steep incline. Desiring to enjoy the scene to the utmost, the party took lunch baskets, filled with substantial edibles, with the intention of taking luncheon in the shadows of cliffs or pine trees somewhere on their way up the mountain. By the time they had reached the fourth of the Seven Falls all were ready for

rest and refreshments, and finding a shady place under a great overhanging rock, they spread their appetizing lunch upon an impromptu table made of a sandstone boulder and prepared to enjoy the substantial repast.

The place they had chosen was at the top of the fourth fall where it swings itself over a perpendicular cliff onto the sharp rocks thirty feet below. It is one of the highest falls, and above it, almost at the edge of the cliff, a board had been laid by some adventurous tourist, that those whose nerves were strong enough might have an opportunity to stand and look over the precipice at the length of the fall.

The board had been there long enough to become covered with moss, which with the spray that dashed over it constantly made it a slippery and precarious footing across the stream. A party of tourists, however, who had come up at the same time as themselves had dared the perilous bridge and had crossed to the opposite side where they were now at lunch near a clump of the mountain pines under the overhanging cliff.

The Brent party had watched their daring exploit with bated breath and fearful hearts, so hazardous it seemed for human beings to cross the perilous footing, where a false step might precipitate them over the fall onto the sharp rocks below. Alice, of all the party was the one being who seemed possessed of a desire to emulate the adventure.

"If it is safe for them, it would be safe for us," she said, casting longing glances at the little party on the other side. "I do wish we had gone there for our lunch too, it is much shadier and we should have had a better view of the valley."

"We can afford to dispense with view and better shade for the sake of more safety," her father said. "It is foolish to risk life or limb for the sake of mere

daring, and I don't wish you to undertake anything of that nature. There is enough to enjoy here without taking risks out of the ordinary, and we must be satisfied with that."

Alice did not reply. She was too well bred to argue with her parents before people, but there came a little set look about her lips, that had anyone noticed who knew her well, would have been warning that she had determined in her own mind upon some plan or act, and would accomplish it in spite of admonitions to the contrary.

All, however, were too well assured of the apparent foolhardiness of the feat of crossing the slippery board—to attach any actual meaning to Alice's asserted belief in its feasibility—and this, with their interest in the scenery, took attention from her look.

As soon as they had finished luncheon, the party repaired to a point around the corner of a cliff, where they could get a good photographic view of the upper falls, and in a few moments Alice, unperceived by the rest, slipped back to the edge of the fall. The cliff hid her from the view of her friends—the party upon the opposite side were still occupied with their luncheon—now was the time to prove her daring, and show them all that she was capable of accomplishing the hazardous feat.

The board stretched out green and slimy with its spray-drenched moss. Below, the fall leapt out over the cliff, and fell a sheer thirty feet into the rocks, beyond which a deep pool gathered its eddying waters together for the next downward leap. Alice glanced at it uncertainly for a moment, half daunted from her purpose by the dizzying sight. Then her stubborn, headstrong will asserted itself, and she stepped out on the board.

One step—another—then suddenly

her feet flew from under her. With a shriek she fell forward into the pool—then the swift current caught her light figure and swept her over the brink of the fall.

There was a scream from the party on the opposite bank—a scream that brought the Brents upon the spot with blanched faces. They had but just noticed Alice's absence—and the same terrible fear had entered each one's mind. In an instant they sensed the truth, and with a heart-rending cry Mrs. Brent sank fainting at the edge of the cliff, while the others essayed to keep the father, who was struggling vainly in their grasp, from leaping over the precipice.

In an instant, as they stood paralyzed with horror, a young gentleman—one of the party on the opposite bank—catching the top of a pine tree that grew out of the rocks some distance below, swung out over the gulch. The tree, slender and limber, swayed far downward under his weight, and in an instant he had dropped to the bank of the stream below. A quick glance showed him Alice floating on the pool—by this time borne by the swirling eddies close to the brink of the lower fall. Losing not an instant's time, the young man, Harry Grantley by name, leapt into the water, seizing Alice as she was about to be swept over the verge of the fall. Being an expert swimmer he soon had the girl safely on the banks, where Minnie and her mother by this time were waiting to clasp her. Above, her father, with his hardly-revived wife in his arms, sat breathlessly watching the scene, too faint and weak from fear and emotion, to make an effort to move.

They had all had but one thought—that Alice in her fall must have struck on the sharp rocks at the foot of the fall and been instantly killed. The fact

was, however, that the force of the water at the brink above had shot her light body far out from the rocks, so that it fell in the pool beyond them, thus saving her from instant death, though the fright and force of the blow received from the fall into the water had rendered her unconscious.

It took nearly ten minutes' hard work to resuscitate her, and when she had recovered she fell into a state of hysterics that promised to be more serious even than had been her fainting. It was the cap-sheaf added to her nervous excitement of weeks past—from the effects of which she had hardly recovered—and her condition was such as to make the effects serious, though no absolute injury had been sustained in her fall.

After a short time, during which her parents joined the anxious group below, it was evident that Alice was not fit for the excursion to the top of the mountain, and the party decided to return to the hotel. They did so, though Alice, who by this time had been supplied with dry garments through contributions from the clothing of Minnie and the two elder ladies, pleaded with them to go on without her. To this none of them would listen, especially as the pleasure of the day had been already spoiled by the exciting event, so that all turned back to the hotel.

Alice, who was in a state of complete nervous prostration by this time, was at once put in bed, and it was to be many days before she set foot outside her room again. But though the experience was fraught with disappointment, sacrifice and humiliation, it was in fact, fortunately, to be the turning point in Alice's life. In the long days when she lay too ill to read or talk, thoughts which she had for long wilfully crowded out of her consciousness, now arrayed themselves in her mind with vivid lines, bringing to

her lessons and convictions from which she could not escape. Like a scroll her short past unrolled itself before her, and she realized for the first time how she had failed in the many things that might have brought the development of noble character, of good aims and purposes, considered for an instant, mayhap, to be put aside for any frivolous impulse or suggestion that might be in their path. The memory of her life-nourished wilfulness, her disobedience, whose fruits had brought her to the verge of death, these also came to harass and yet sober her; and when at the end of those weeks, to which she had looked forward with thoughts solely attuned to the pleasure they might bring, were ended, and she was on her homeward way with little gained of that kind of good which had alone been in her desire—the little party with whom she had set forth hardly recognized her as the same wayward, frivolous girl with whom they had commenced the journey.

When they at length reached home the change was even more manifest. Instead of lounging in idle indolence through the days that passed till school opened, Alice at once set herself to work to review the studies she must go over during the coming term. She had determined that another year at most

should see her in the same grade with Minnie, if indeed she might not pass an examination at the coming opening and take her place there at once.

With the might of her strong will directed to this new purpose, it was surprising even to herself how easily she accomplished her task. Devoting herself heart and soul to the work, at the beginning of the school term she had so thoroughly reviewed her past year's studies that the principal, to whom she applied for examination, adjudged her worthy of being admitted to the higher grade, where she is now working side by side with her cousin, winning, by means of her more brilliant gifts, in connection with incessant application, laurels that her steady, loving, plodding little cousin, worthy though she be, will perhaps never be able to gain with all her striving.

As to her parents, it is the happiness of their life to watch the noble progress achieved day by day by their changed daughter.

"I was afraid when I realized that day at the cascades what had happened to our child, that we had lost her forever," her mother said, in speaking of it one day, "but I know now that we but only found our dear daughter in that hour of peril at the Seven Falls."

Josephine Spencer.



REDUCING AND INCREASING WEIGHT.

TO the person who desires to convert angles to rounded curves and to cover his bones with comely flesh, and also to the one who seeks to be rid of his great burden of fat, physical exercise offers the way to the desired goal. At first sight this may seem a paradox—and bring forth the ac-

cusation of trying to blow hot and cold with the same breath, but a little study and consideration of the nature of exercise and its physiological effect will convince you that it is by no miracle or wonder-working that the change is wrought. It is simple cause and effect, the change that nature herself will bring about if allowed the opportunity.

Doubtless you are already acquainted with the cell-theory of the construction of the human body. The countless millions of cells that compose the physical being are in a constant state of motion and growth. Either they are being built and strengthened, or they are being torn down and cast away, their places to be taken with newer, more vigorous cells. Each motion of the body, however slight, tears down old cells and provides the activity necessary for the creation of new.

Naturally, therefore, exercise rapidly increases growth and development in the person needing it, but if the subject is a victim of too much flesh this same exercise will dispose of the fatty cells and restore him to normal weight and outline. There is also another feature to be considered. Exercise induces deep breathing and causes great quantities of oxygen to enter into the system, one of the first effects of which is to consume the unhealthy fat and establish improved circulation. The new activity brings all organs to a normal and healthy state so that they perform their functions readily and perfectly; likewise all secretions are of the proper nature. To the person of too little flesh this means that better digestion and assimilation will cause him to gain flesh so that he will reach his normal weight, and to the one of too great weight it means that proper digestion and assimilation will prevent undue accumulation of fat, and the natural and prompt disposal of

waste matter will prevent that clogging of the system which leads to obesity.

To state the matter concisely we will say, exercise brings the body to normal, whether you are on the positive or negative side of the question. There is a difference, of course, to be observed in the manner of exercise. If you wish to reduce flesh, or in other words, to burn up the excess of fat, exercise rapidly until you are in a profuse perspiration; but if you desire to gain flesh, exercise slowly and intensely. Those who are seeking to put off flesh must cultivate great activity; must learn to breathe deeply, walk a great deal, and renounce some of the sweets of which they are so fond. Those who desire to gain flesh must cultivate a more indolent disposition, sleep long, drink plenty of water and choose food which they know to be rich in nourishing qualities. But *exercise*, taken regularly and faithfully, is of prime importance, for it produces and retains the state of health which makes possible the condition for which you are striving.

Exercise without apparatus is much to be preferred whether your object is to gain or lose flesh, for by its use you are able to secure results without sacrificing either agility or power of endurance—the too frequent penalties of work with weights. Furthermore, work without apparatus is more convenient, for it may be taken wherever you are, it requires less time than the old-fashioned methods, and results are quickly apparent. This is a two-fold advantage, for one is always encouraged to further effort when he can realize by the evidence of his eyes as well as his feelings that good is being accomplished. The splendid sense of power and vitality which follows regular exercise is ample reward for the small expenditure of time required, and when we add to this the

vastly improved appearance that accompanies the return to your normal weight (whether you are now above or below the happy medium) you must

agree with me in saying, "No one can afford to neglect daily exercise."

Fredrick W. Stone, Athletic Instructor of Chicago Athletic Association.



SELECTIONS.

THE HABIT OF BIBLE READING.

IN his recent speeches in New England, the President illustrated several of the points he made by quotations from or reference to the Bible. This has given occasion for a curious discussion in the newspapers, started by the *Boston Herald*. The question discussed is whether at this present time the habit of Bible reading has not so far died out that allusions to that book, upon which the religion of the civilized world is based, are no longer understood or comprehended by the people. The *Baltimore Sun* continues this discussion and says:

The Scotch Covenanters and Cromwell's Ironsides were as fine soldiers as the world has ever seen. They talked Bible language and went into battle with the Word of God in their mouths and a two-edged sword in their hands. It was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. For them "brown bread and the Gospel was good fare." The decrease in Bible reading generally, if there has been a decrease, has been due to many causes. One of these is that the old custom of family prayers, where the children and servants gathered in the sitting room night and morning to listen to a chapter from the Bible and brief prayers appropriate to the beginning or the end of the day, is not generally observed. Children who in their tender years listen to this reading of the big family Bible or hear the Old Testament stories from their mother's lips, nev-

er forget them. * * * Apart from its sacred character, the authorized version of the Bible is worthy of the study of all who aspire to learn the English language in its purity. The English of the translators is a model of simplicity, beauty and nobility which no other writers of English have surpassed. In no other book is so much told in words so few and so simple. Its narratives describe human nature and the motives and impulses of men more correctly than has been done in any other book. It is a pattern of literary style which was carefully studied and constantly quoted by the great orators of former generations in this country. "The Bible," said Daniel Webster, in his Bunker Hill Monument Speech, "is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of especial revelation from God."

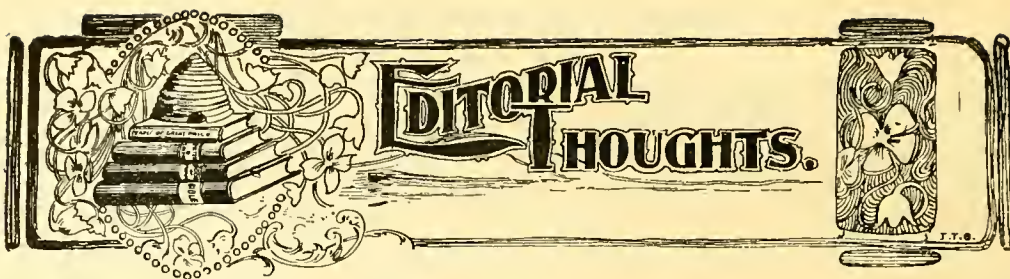
LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal.

Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be
joy;

Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

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CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

THE brotherhood and common interests in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are among the great characteristics of our faith, and whatever, therefore, tends to establish class distinctions either in society or nationalities should be discouraged in every way possible. God is no respecter of persons, neither does He glorify one class to the disadvantage of another.

A striking peculiarity of the Saints gathered from all parts of the earth is that they are almost universally of the blood of Ephraim. If they have received the Holy Ghost they are of one spirit, so that whatever creates a discord in the spirit and unity of the Saints is of evil origin. The Spirit of God never begets

strife, nor does it set up and insist on distinctions among those who have been its recipients.

There has been in some people's minds the thought that this or that nationality was entitled to certain recognition because of its large numbers or prominence in certain respects. The affairs of the Church are not carried on with respect to what is good or bad policy—there is no policy in the Church, but that of wisdom and truth, and every one of its members should thoroughly understand that distinctions both in classes and nationalities are odious and out of harmony with the discipline and spirit of Church government. If a man of one or another nationality is honored by any important call it is because of the spirit in the man, and not because of his nationality, and the Saints may be certain that when any man makes a *demand* for recognition it is an assumption on his part, and is not in harmony with the life and spirit of our Master.

In the affairs of state, where there are numerous classes and nationalities, it has become a common policy to appeal to the selfish interests of classes and nationalities. But even in the state this tendency and practice is not conducive of the best results. We need not be surprised if members of the Church, whose political enthusiasm has carried them to extremes, in their demand for political recognition sometimes carry the same spirit into the affairs of the Church. The tendency is nevertheless an evil that the Saints should resist before it carries them beyond reason and

beyond the limits of Church discipline. The good of all and the fullest recognition of equality among the Saints are fundamental in our faith. A selfish class is not better than a selfish individual, they are both striving to do always their own will instead of the will of the Father in heaven.

It is very easy for those who are imbued with a spirit of class distinction to find grievances with which to excite prejudices. Their own selfish individual aims become their highest standard of what is right and what is wrong. The very tendency to agitate class distinctions is dangerous and should be looked upon by the Saints everywhere with distrust. If a spirit which demands recognition for somebody or some class once obtains a foothold in the Church, it would be menaced by agitators and dissenters everywhere, and the people are solemnly warned against those who crave and insist upon distinctions that are contrary to the genius of the Gospel. The purpose of organizations in the Church by which those of different nationalities may meet and conduct services in their native tongues is to aid and encourage those who cannot understand the English or take part in the exercises conducted in the language of their adopted country. It is to be feared that some have taken advantage of this circumstance to emphasize the importance of their nationality.

Where social clubs are gotten up for

the purpose of promoting class distinction, or in which such distinction must be the inevitable result, they should be discouraged, and young people should be warned against such organizations. They soon lead our youth away from the faith to worldly ideas not in harmony with the mission of the Latter-day Saints.

Let us all rather rejoice in our common brotherhood, and in the oneness of spirit that has wrought such wonders through the power and blessing of God.

Our happiness, our welfare, our salvation all depend upon our unity, made possible by one common spirit, with which, by the Gospel of God, we have been endowed.

We have the warnings of history in the dispensations of God's providence to His children. The creation of class distinctions has been among the gravest sins committed by His people and has resulted only too often in ruin. Let the Saints beware. *Joseph F. Smith.*



NICKEL DAY.

Another "Nickel Day" has come and gone. We trust that all holding funds on this account will remit promptly. The more stakes that by their promptness of remittance secure the larger premiums mentioned in our last issue, the better shall we be pleased. The number is limited only by the number of stakes.



SEMI-ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 633.)

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS.



TRUST, my brethren and sisters, that during the few moments I may address you I may

have the Spirit of the Lord to dictate my remarks.

Previous to coming to this meeting the Deseret Sunday School Union Board met with the stake superintendents; and

one of the subjects spoken upon at that meeting I desire to speak of here. I have reference to cottage Sunday Schools and to looking after wards which have no Sunday Schools established.

Some years ago in a near by stake there was a certain mining camp without any Sunday School organization. A brother was called upon a mission to visit the locality, search out the Latter-day Saints and effect an organization. He did so, and by the blessing of the Lord his efforts were crowned with success. A Sunday School was organized, and it has grown and increased from that day to the present and has done some glorious work. On one fast day, early in the spring, some sixteen baptisms took place, and most of the subjects were children taught in that Sunday School, but whose parents were not of our faith. This is but one instance of several which have occurred in Utah.

Now, brethren, you who have been called to be watchmen upon the towers of Zion, when you go home look into the nooks and corners of your stakes and see if there are not many children who need the bread of life. We do not desire to interfere with the duties of the bishops, but it is our duty to do all that we can toward getting every child in Zion to attend Sunday School.

Our average attendance is altogether too low. Some Sunday Schools report an average attendance of as low as fifty and fifty-five per cent. I speak advisedly when I say that there are some places within the organized stakes of Zion where there have been no meetings of any kind held for two years. These are places, too, in nearby localities, and there are many children there who are anxious to be baptized. What is needed is some attention to the matter by the brethren whose duty it is to

look after the sheep of Christ's fold. It is my mission and yours to work while it is yet day. Think of it for one moment! Consider the numbers of our youth throughout the Church who should be in the Sunday Schools, and who are not. We plod along from one week to another and allow those souls to decay. We are willing to preach the Gospel to the nations of the earth, and this is right. It should be so. We all understand the God-given feeling we experience when we take the candidate into the waters of baptism. But I want to say that it is just as important to save souls in Zion as in the ten thousands of cities in foreign climes. Remember the cottage Sunday Schools, establish them wherever needed, and seek to care for the lambs God has given to your care. Remember the suggestions given by the Savior to Peter, "Feed my lambs."

That we may have power to work righteously for the Sunday School cause as we should do, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER HENRY PETERSON.

My brethren and sisters: While I stand before you I trust I may be guided by the same Spirit as were those who have spoken before me. President Smith in his remarks spoke of one great qualification that every teacher should possess, namely, the spirit of love for the pupils. A teacher who has that one great qualification will probably acquire all others necessary to the successful doing of his work. Love inspires him with a desire to benefit those placed under his watchcare. He studies their needs and prepares himself to supply his class with the necessary spiritual food.

A teacher filled with love for his students learns to love the Gospel as the means by which he can lead them into

the right kind of spiritual life and draw them nearer to the Master. He enjoys searching the Scriptures and leads others into that same enjoyment. He carries a life into the class that is felt by all present and leads them to regularity of attendance.

A teacher who loves his pupils will seek unto the Lord for assistance that he may be helpful to them. He will thus acquire the Spirit of the Lord, whose mission it is to bring to-remembrance things past and to show things to come; and which gives the power of discernment that he may see the needs of others and be instrumental in supplying them.

If the hearts of all who are called to teach were filled with love, it would not be necessary for others to plan for them. That feeling would prompt them to make the necessary outside preparation, and the Spirit of God would use them as instruments and guide them into natural and wholesome methods of work. Instead of cramming the minds of pupils mechanically with disconnected religious and historical facts, they would give them the daily bread of spiritual life.

As the qualification mentioned does not universally inspire teachers and spur all on to the right kind of effort, the plans of which have been spoken have been prepared. Their chief value will be that they aid the teacher to make the proper outside preparation. A commendable feature of the plans being prepared is that they do not do the work for the teacher. The lessons are not prepared for the teacher, nor can he prepare them from the plans; but if he is willing to put forth effort the plans will guide him in making the right kind of preparation directly from the Scriptures.

The plans will help him to make this preparation easily and to find the most inspiring parts of the scripture.

It is to be hoped that the plans will be properly received and used, and that they will help teachers to get inspiration from the scriptures and a love for their work and for the children whom they teach. May God grant the aid of His Spirit and fill the teachers with love for their pupils, that they may be successful in winning souls to Christ. Amen.

"The Pilgrim's Song of Hope" was then rendered upon the great organ by Prof. John J. McClellan.

ELDER HORACE CUMMINGS.

To say that I am surprised to be called upon to address this congregation would be a mild representation of my feelings; but I trust with the Spirit of the Lord I may be able to say something of interest to you and to me in connection with the subject of children.

One phase of the remarks of President Smith struck me with force. He stated that the characters of our children are about as we make them.

But we do not apply this fact as we should do. If we wish to become mechanics we find it necessary to be apprenticed to learn the trade. If we are to practice medicine, we must study the human body and how it responds to treatment. But we get married and begin to rear families without giving any, or but little, consideration to the nature of the children we bring into the world. We often rebuke them in the most bungling and hurtful manner. The time has come when more attention must be given to the training of the young.

A little incident which occurred in my neighborhood recently will show how thoughtless we sometimes are in correcting our children. A good mother who had been toiling hard all day found herself somewhat behind in her work of getting supper in the evening. She was tired, nervous, and worried lest it should

not be ready by the time her husband returned from work. Her little daughter, six years of age, was helping her by tending the baby as best she could, but the baby was fretful and *would* cry in spite of the best attentions the little sister could give. "Maybe baby is hungry," said the little girl, "I'll get him some milk." So saying, she laid him in the crib and hurried into the pantry and got him a glass of milk. In her hurry and anxiety—for the baby was crying—she stubbed her toe and fell, spilling the milk on the carpet. The mother, without inquiring into the motives of the child, flew into a passion, rushed up and gave the little girl a smart blow on the head and called her a naughty girl for making such a grease spot on the carpet and hindering her to clean it up. The little girl, who had been doing her best to help her mother, shrank into a corner broken-hearted at the treatment she had received.

What a grave mistake this mother made! How little consideration she gave to the motives of the child, or the real effects of the punishment! Could that child continue long to love and respect that mother under such unwise treatment? Punishment may be necessary at times, but we should be careful and know that we are right in giving it.

The same error often occurs in giving instructions. Sometimes we are clear upon a certain point ourselves, but cannot get our thoughts down to the capacity or condition, of the children. This is often true of some teachers. For instance, on a recent trip I visited a certain class of pupils who were from six to eight years of age. The teacher was trying to explain the passage from Isaiah which speaks of seven women taking hold of one man. What would little children know about such a subject? The subject as well as its treatment

should be suited to the child. Other lessons from the Bible might have been given with profit, indeed, the greatest good may be derived by the use of the beautiful, simple stories which the Scriptures contain. Through them impressions may be made upon the young mind that will never be forgotten, and ever exert a good influence over their lives. But they must be chosen and presented wisely.

Our children are the greatest blessing God can give us, and we should bestow more attention and study upon child nature. Inquire into their motives, and give our best thought to their training.

The plans prepared are good ones for live teachers, but they are not good for lazy ones. Some people think it a sin to prepare a lesson beforehand. I remember a story told by Brother Maeser. This beloved teacher once visited a theological class, the teacher of which went—as Brother Maeser expressed it—from "Dan to Beersheba" and "from Genesis to Revelation" in his address to the class, without making clear any point or principle. Brother Maeser, at the proper time and place, asked him what preparations he had made for that recitation. The teacher in evident surprise answered, "I never make any. I don't propose to lariat the Spirit of God." "My dear brother," responded Brother Maeser, "let me assure you there was not a particle of the Spirit of God in all your teaching this morning."

Read one of the lessons on the subject in the Doctrine and Covenants. The Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery were both blessed with the gift to translate. Oliver lost it and the revelation tells us why. He thought all he had to do was to ask God and he would get the translation without further effort. Because he did not exercise his own mind, to think it out, his gift was taken away.

So with the teacher. The plan is given you from the Union Board. Take each lesson, think it out, ask God's blessing upon it, and give it your best effort; your gift will grow; you will succeed.

ELDER JAMES E. TALMAGE.

It is a great thing to be one of an organization of this kind, and be identified with a cause represented by such numbers. I thought while looking over this immense congregation that we might search the world in vain for a similar gathering on Sunday School or auxiliary matters. And this occasion is not a unique one amongst us; for twice every year thousands gather here in the interest of the Sunday School cause.

You will learn doubtless from what has been said by the brethren that much improvement is evident in the Sunday School work. I rejoice in this improvement but still think there is room for greater advancement. You will also gather from what has been said that we cannot get to a condition when we are beyond doing better. If I thought I could get to a heaven where there was no advancement possible, I don't believe I should want to go there.

When we feel that we have done the best possible we should give God the glory and say "That and better will do." One characteristic of true perfection is the capacity for improvement and progress. Development is a characteristic of everything that lives.

Reference has been made to teachers who do not teach in the way to make the most lasting impression. Now, something depends upon the dress of the teacher; and a failure is often traced to the fact that a teacher is not dressed right. Much of the impression we make on those with whom we come in contact depends upon our dress and address. I do not refer to the mannerisms of

society, nor to the cut of the coat, the style of the gown or to the flowers and feathers on the hat, but to the clothing of the spirit. The teachers should wear the garment of their calling in Sunday School or they will never make the impression necessary.

When the garment of Elijah fell upon his successor it was manifested that the spirit of his calling was transmitted. Without this spirit we cannot accomplish anything. So, my brethren and sisters, strive for it, work for it and the spirit of your calling will engender the spirit of industry—God fearing industry, which will bring with it efficiency in the work to which you have been appointed.

My heart bounded with joy in listening to the voice of authority calling upon the teachers to prepare by study and earnest effort for their work and not expect the Lord to do it all for us. That injunction would at one time have been considered heresy, at least by a few. The Spirit of the Lord comes to him who seeks for it. I find I can prepare a lesson at home in as prayerful a spirit and with as much of the influence of the Lord, as if I stood here and attempted to talk to you on the subject.

When we pray for all we undertake then will we have the Divine influence always with us. This is the way to fulfill the admonition "Pray ye without ceasing."

Some teachers are veritable prophets, bringing out things suitable for every occasion. The spirit of a calling enables one to overcome every obstacle.

When I am called by authority to perform a certain mission if I have the spirit of my calling I feel that I am better able to do it than is any other man, because it is my calling, my authorized labor; and I can go forth, confidently, knowing that the Lord never calls a man to perform any work

without opening the way for him to do it.

The following question, handed in, has been given me to answer:

"What should be done with a member of the superintendency or a teacher in a Sunday School who does not observe the Word of Wisdom?"

It is not my function to give a law on this matter, but I will say this: That a teacher who professes to be directed by the Spirit of the Lord, and who violates the spirit of the Word of Wisdom, will not have that spirit in strength to enable him to realize what is intended. Such a teacher should be labored with and an effort made to bring him to the proper standard. I don't believe there are very many teachers who are not observing the Word of Wisdom. We are all trying to secure the same glory and we cannot continue to do an evil or the Spirit of God will cease to strive with us, and that man who persists in breaking the law of God is bereft of his power as truly as was Samson when his locks were shorn from his head.

We must live by the law of God. Look around you and you can tell the men and women who are what they pretend to be; not those with lips ever guarded lest they show what is within, but those who show purity by every act. I testify from experience that when I obey the laws of righteousness the Lord comes to my help. And a teacher who is thus governed and who prepares a lecture or address upon the Scriptures puts forth the very spirit of the Scriptures.

In teaching put away the disposition to present personal theories. We have no authority to interfere with individual opinions; but neither you nor I have any right to teach a principle or doctrine as a tenet of the Church unless it has been sanctioned by the Church or the authorities. We are not to let fads

lead us away. I was delighted with a couple of articles on fads and hobbies recently printed in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR over the signature of General Superintendent Joseph F. Smith. I could read in it the spirit of revelation.

The Spirit of God will not tell you that a thing is true and tell someone else that it is false. If I speak tonight and you do not find an echo of the truth of it in your hearts it is because I am not truthful or you don't know the truth when you hear it.

Reference has been made to the home. I recently paid a visit to one of the stakes of Zion and I asked the superintendent, a very earnest man and the very man for the place, what was the greatest difficulty he had to contend with. He answered that he had the most trouble on account of a lack of interest among parents. A teacher will be faithful Sunday after Sunday and then of a sudden she is absent from school, off to the lake or some other place of recreation or amusement. The mother says to the daughter: "You have been very punctual for a long time and there is no harm in taking a day off for a rest." Sundays are not given to us for that purpose, and that mother was not doing her duty. The Sunday School work is not so arduous that we have to take a day off to rest up.

I rejoice in the good work of our teachers; I rejoice that the harvest is coming in forty and fifty fold. I hope it may soon be one hundred, yes two hundred fold, and on without limit or stop. God bless you. Amen.

ELDER JOSEPH M. TANNER.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that the outline plans will be published in pamphlet form; not all of the departments in one, because the teachers in the Primary department may not

want to use the theological plans and *vice versa*. The parts will be published for a very few cents. The plans are merely sketches and model lessons will be published from time to time in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, by the way, is the organ of the great Sunday School organization, and President Smith has taken a great

interest in it and uses it as one of the channels to communicate his thoughts to the Saints throughout the Church.

The congregation sang the "Doxology" and the conference adjourned with the benediction of Assistant Superintendent George Reynolds.

George D. Pyper, Secretary.



WITH THE ELDERS.

PART III.—IN NEW YORK CITY.

WE proceed south to the oldest part of New York and find ourselves at the end of Manhattan Island where the waters of the East and Hudson Rivers join in New York Bay. At this extremity of the island we enter Battery Park, containing the interesting aquarium. The aquarium building was originally a fort built by the United States government in 1807. At first it was called the Southwest Battery, but after the war of 1812, it took the name of Castle Clinton. Ten years later the government turned it over to the city of New York and in 1824 the city leased it to private persons who made of it the famous place of amusement known as Castle Gardens. It continued as such for thirty-one years, when, in 1855, the Commissioners of Immigration fixed it up as a place for the landing of immigrants. For that purpose it was used until 1891 when the immigration station was moved to Ellis Island.

We are particularly interested in Castle Gardens from the fact of its being the landing place of so many thousand

Latter-day Saint immigrants. We enter the building and instead of finding excited foreigners and heaps of baggage, as so many of our fathers and mothers had done, we spend two or three hours in looking at the extensive collection of



STATUE OF LIBERTY.

living fish. Altogether there are specimens of something over two hundred different kinds of water animal life, ranging from the tiny polyp to the great West India seal. They are of all colors, shapes and habits, and indeed, serve well to amuse, and also to instruct

the hundreds of thousands of visitors who frequent the aquarium every year.

But let us leave for the boat going over to Bedlos Island, in the harbor, where stands the beautiful statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. As we sail across, the enormous figure seems to grow taller and taller. The stone pedestal on which the iron and copper statue stands, is one hundred and fifty-five feet high, while the height of "Liberty" is one hundred and fifty-one feet, making a total distance from top to bottom of three hundred and six feet, or more than twelve rods. One hundred thousand Frenchmen clubbed together and gave the statue of Liberty to the United States as a birthday present, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of our independence.

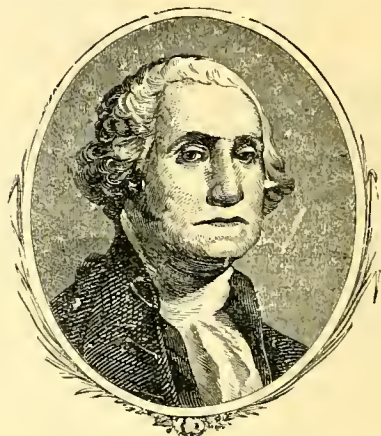
On sailing back to Manhattan Island, we take the elevated railway north to Morningside Park. We speed along the iron trestle-work, one, two, and even three stories high, at a rate almost equal to that of an ordinary railroad train. New York is a city for street cars. We are informed that about four thousand are required to accommodate the great number of passengers. We see cars of all kinds. Some are drawn by one horse and some by two. There are electric cars of every description and many kinds of cable cars. But the favorite is the fast elevated one rumbling along the streets above the immense traffic.

Morningside Park is reached and we are climbing the elevation on which General George Washington won the battle of Harlem Heights, September 16, 1776. Here we visit the Columbia University and Library, and also the white granite tomb of General U. S. Grant. His casket within the tomb is of handsomely polished red granite and by its side is a similiar one awaiting his

wife who now resides at Washington, D. C. It is, perhaps, interesting to know the great general consented to be buried here only on condition that his wife be laid by his side.

Our next visit is to Central Park, so named from its location in the center of Manhattan Island. It has an area equal to that of eight and a half parks the size of Liberty Park, Salt Lake City, and affords one of the finest play grounds for the boys and girls residing in this vicinity. Thousands of the older people also find recreation on its lawns, under its trees and in its many attractions.

Among the interesting things found



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

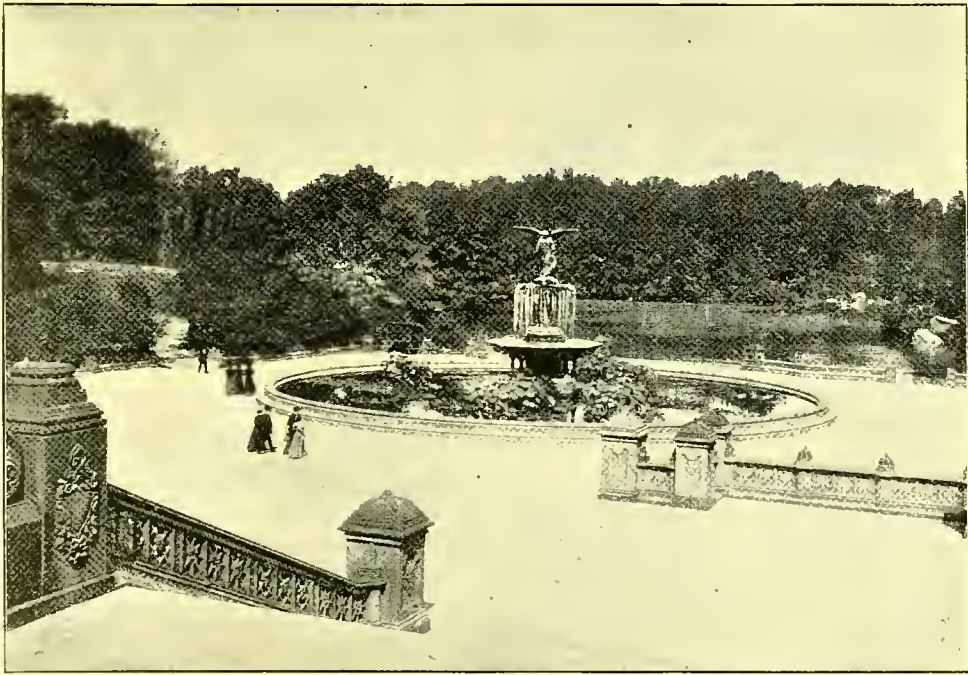
here is a great, long piece of reddish granite in shape similar to the Bunker Hill Monument, standing on end near the East Drive. It was first erected at Heliopolis, Egypt, by Pharaoh, Thothmes II, about 1500 B. C. In the year 23 B. C. it was transferred to Alexandria, the city of Cleopatra. After standing there for centuries the Egyptian government presented it to the city of New York, and subsequently it was removed to its present site. Cleopatra's Needle, as the obelisk is called, is covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics and shows plainly the sure gnawings of "the tooth of time."

Egypt also gave similar obelisks to the cities of Paris and London.

The noted Metropolitan Museum with its collection of fine art work is visited and then we go through the nearby building filled with natural history specimens, after which our guide takes us to the Zoological Gardens where we see the many kinds of animals and witness the hundreds of children enjoying themselves with the big "box of monkeys."

together in great apartment buildings. These range from five to eight stories in height and some contain as many as three hundred persons. Two of such buildings would give shelter to the entire population of a town the size of Morgan City, Utah. The land being so costly every available foot is taken advantage of, leaving no playground for the children save in the busy streets or else in the distant parks.

That structure across the way is the



CENTRAL PARK.

Leaving the park we soon find ourselves going down Fifth Avenue, the "swell street of town," lined with the mansions of the country's monied men and alive with costly driving vehicles and snorting automobiles.

From the "realms of the rich" we pass and, by car, go to the "precincts of the poor." Instead of occupying separate houses, the families here are huddled

modern University Settlement Building. It is used for public school purposes. Where do you think the playground is? It is "way up" on the flat roof of the schoolhouse. There the boys and girls romp and play till the bell rings and then they march down into the class rooms. We learn there are several such playgrounds in the city and even some of the apartment houses are being

built with roofs on which the children can play.

We journey on and finally come to



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

a busy thoroughfare leading toward Brooklyn Bridge. Going along it, one

of our number, not accustomed to city ways, insists on buying a watermelon.

"What will you do with it?" asks one of our party.

"Do with it? Why, sit down there and eat it," came the answer.

Think of seeing a dozen Westerners strung along the curbstone of a busy New York street smacking away at a juicy watermelon! We try to picture this to our brother and at last persuade him to keep the melon till we reach the Conference House.

The evening we spend in writing our journals from notes taken during the day and then, after devotional exercises, retire, thinking of the words of the poet:—

In Gotham's streets I spend my days,
A looker on, a passer by;
No laurel wreath or crown of bays,
Can draw from me one fleeting sigh,
Or tempt my ever feasting eye.

* * * * *

One of a million, that am I;
One of a million wondering why
And what it is, and if it pays,
This living in the city's ways—
This laughing when the heart would cry
In Gotham's streets.

Delbert W. Parratt.



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

PLANS.

PRIMARY GRADE.

LESSON IX.

First Step. Song: "Come Along."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Deacons. Duties (continued).
Let the pupils tell and talk about things they

think Deacons should do, and the Deacons report the work they have done.

Fourth Step. Story of Abraham and his family. Sarah, Hagar, Isaac, Ishmael. Hagar sent forth. Ministration of the angel. God's mercy. Gen. chaps. 16, 17, 21, 22.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

LESSON X.

First Step. Song: "Come Along."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Deacons. Joys and blessings. The reward for doing duties. Let pupils relate them.

Fourth Step. Story of Abraham's grandsons Jacob and Esau. Jacob's blessing. The vision of the ladder: Gen. 28: 12-15.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

LESSON IX.

First Step. Song: "Hope of Israel."

Second Step. Prayer

Third Step. The High Council. Duties (continued). Travels among the Saints to instruct them.

Fourth Step. Christ's visit to Jerusalem at the age of twelve years. Luke 2: 41-50. Memorize 48-49.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

LESSON X.

First Step. Song: "Hope of Israel."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The High Council. Duties (continued). The settling of difficulties

Fourth Step. The preaching of John the Baptist. Matt. 3: 1-12. Memorize 2-3.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

ADVANCED GRADE.

LESSON IX.

First Step. Song: "Praise to the Man."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Twelve Apostles. Memorize the names.

Fourth Step. Nephi desires to behold the things of his father's vision. The desire granted. 1 Nephi, chaps. 11 and 12.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

LESSON X.

First Step. Song: "Praise to the Man."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Twelve Apostles (continued). How chosen and ordained.

Fourth Step. The vision continued. 1 Nephi, 13.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Doxology. Prayer.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

In the fourth step of the primary lessons it is not intended that the teacher shall give in detail all the matter in the chapters named. Select those parts most interesting and most suitable for your classes.

In teaching the various duties of the officers in the Priesthood, the lessons are liable to be somewhat dry and uninteresting unless the teacher can show in a practical way the importance of the officers and the necessity of the duties they perform. An anecdote from the experience of a good man, or a story from the Scriptures, will often prove a means to enrich such a lesson. The fact that Saul, the king of Israel, was not allowed to officiate in one of the duties of the priest, is an instance to show how God honors those who hold the Priesthood. [See 1 Samuel, 14th chap.] That Lot held the Priesthood is one great reason why the Lord sent an angel to save him from the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The following little story about a young Deacon and his dream was recently related to the writer and may serve to impress some of our boys with the necessity of performing their duties before doing anything else.

In one of our southern colonies there lived a young boy who had been so constant in his attendance at Sunday School and other meetings, and whose language, habits, and conduct had all been so good that, at a ward conference where he lived, the Bishop chose him to be the president of the Deacon's quorum that was being organized.

It is perhaps needless to say that Harry, for such we will call him, took the greatest interest in his new duties; and by the influence largely of his own example and energy his quorum became a most faithful one.

All the boys seemed to take a pride in having the meeting house not only clean and in perfect order, but they often brought flowers and decorated the stand and windows, and in other ways made it attractive to the people. They were very polite in seating the people as they entered, and seemed to know just what to do at all times to make everybody feel at home and comfortable while at church.

One time the Bishop sent Harry word that there would be a special conference on a certain day and that some of the leading brethren from Salt Lake City would be present, and he was very anxious that the building should be in as nice a condition as possible on that occasion.

Now, it happened that the boys had previously planned for a fishing trip on the day before the conference, and as a dance was to occur the evening previous, they could not prepare the meeting house before going fishing, as the dance would leave it disorderly again.

Now the boys, let it be said to their credit, did not wish to neglect their duties, nor did they wish to miss their fishing excursion. As school began just after the conference, they would not have another chance to go fishing, so the plan was suggested that they get up very early in the morning, go on their trip and fish until noon, and then return and all pitch in and clean the meeting house after returning. Now, the stream where the boys were going was not very far from the town, and this proposition met with much favor.

But Harry, who, being president of the quorum, felt more strongly the responsibility, did not feel quite right about it. He feared something might happen to prevent them from getting things ready for conference, and therefore did not agree to the proposition. He said he would like to think about it until next day.

That night Harry prayed very earnestly to the Lord and asked Him if it would be right to go on a fishing trip that day, and after falling asleep had the following dream:

He thought it was early in the morning of a beautiful summer day, and he and all of his companions were starting out in high glee with

lines and poles, and full of joyful thoughts of the fish they would catch. They went down to the stream, crossed over the little foot-bridge and began to fish and to work their way up stream. They had good luck; caught many fish and enjoyed themselves greatly. At noon they sat down on the grass under a large tree to eat their lunch, when they noticed for the first time that the sky looked cloudy and threatening a storm.

They hastily finished their lunch, and with considerable anxiety, hurried down the stream to the foot-bridge, anxious to reach home before the rain began. But in this they were disappointed, for the rain began to fall in torrents, and before they reached the crossing the stream was so swollen that they saw to their dismay that the foot-bridge was washed away. It was impossible for them to get home.

Harry then thought of the unclean and disorderly meeting house, and most heartily wished he had remained at home and done his duty first instead of delaying duty for pleasure.

The storm did not cease until very late in the evening, and it was still later when the stream went down so they could wade across it. In this dangerous task they had to be assisted by their parents, who had become alarmed for their safety and came in search of them.

Harry felt greatly relieved when he awoke and found it only a dream. He no longer doubted what course to take but got some of his companions to aid him, and they prepared the meeting house in the nicest way for conference. As if to indicate the wisdom of Harry's decision it did rain very hard that afternoon just as he had dreamed, and the other boys felt that his dream was the right one after all.



SELECTED POEMS.

ALL IS WELL.

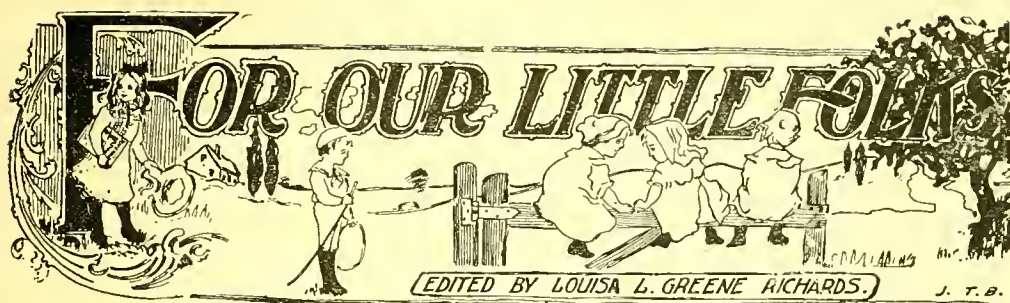
All is well in the darkness
 All is well in the night;
 The Lord is the watchman,
 The Lamb is the light,
 Jehovah He holdeth
 The sea and the land,
 The earth in the hollow
 Of His mighty hand.
 Lie still in the darkness;
 Sleep safe in the night;

The Lord is the watchman,
 The Lamb is the Light



THE SWEETEST SOUND I EVER HEARD.

The sweetest sound I ever heard,
 A sound that made my soul rejoice,
 Was not the treble of the bird,
 Nor brooklet's trill, nor mother's voice.
 It was a clear, emphatic "No,"
 Flung by a youth at comrades who
 Had tried their best to make him take
 A glass of wine for friendship's sake.



DIALOGUE FOR TWO CHILDREN.

Arranged from the Nineteenth Psalm. Should be
Spoken with Reverence and with Ardor.

First Child. The heavens declare the
glory of god:

Second Child. And the firmament
showeth His handiwork.

First. Day unto day uttereth speech:

Second. And night unto night show-
eth knowledge.

First. The law of the Lord is per-
fect, converting the soul:

Second. The testimony of the Lord
is sure, making wise the simple.

First. The statutes of the Lord are
right, rejoicing the heart:

Second. The commandment of the
Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

First. The fear of the Lord is clean,
enduring forever:

Second. The judgments of the Lord
are true and righteous altogether.

First. More to be desired are they
than gold, yea than much fine gold:

Second. Sweeter also than honey and
the honeycomb.

First. Moreover by them is Thy ser-
vant warned:

Second. And in keeping of them
there is great reward.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero
Whose face is brown with tan,
But through it shines the spirit
That makes the boy a man.

A spirit strong and sturdy,
A will to win its way;
It does me good to look at him,
And watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother
Is poor and sews for bread;
"She's such a dear, good mother!"
The little fellow said;
And then his face grew brighter,
God bless the little man!
He added, "Cause I love her,
I help her all I can!"

Ah! that's the thing to do boys,
To show the love you bear,
For the mothers who have kept you
In long and loving care;
Make all their burdens lighter,
Do everything you can.
To pay the debt you owe them,
As does my little man.

FOR THE WEEK.

Monday be grateful and good to papa;
Tuesday be cheerful in helping mama;
Wednesday make happy a sister or brother;
Thursday show love by one kindness or other;
Friday find gladness, be merry and gay;
Saturday sing at your work or your play;
Sunday rejoice, 'tis the Lord's holy day.

MY GRANDMA.

My grandma sits in a rocking-chair,
By the window, in the sun;
She wears a soft little lacy cap,
And a big white apron over her lap,
And there's always room for a little girl there
That's tired of frolic and fun.

My grandma has always a pocket full
Of peppermint drops and cakes;
And she knows such pretty songs that she sings,

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

And stories about—oh, lots of things.
And sometimes she lets me wind the wool
For the stockings and things she makes.

She told me a queer thing the other day,
And she says it's really true—
My grandma had soft red cheeks one time,
And hair that was just as black as mine;
And she could run and tumble and play,
And do all the things I can do!

I wish I had known my grandma then;
How very nice it would be
If grandma were little and played with me,
Dressing our dollies, and going to tea,
And swinging, and watching the Bantie hen,
And climbing the cherry-tree!

But when we were too tired out to play,
And the sandman crept along,
What should I do for my grandma's lap,
And her songs to drowsy me into a nap?
I'm glad my grandma is old and gray,
While I'm just little and young!
Youth's Companion.



TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Living with Grandma.

MILL CREEK, UTAH.

As I have not seen any little letter
from our ward in the Letter Box, I
thought I would write one. I am nine
years old. I have four brothers and
four sisters, and our mama is dead.
Our little baby sister was only six days
old when our mama died. So our
grandma took the baby, and I live with
grandma too.

Your new friend,
ISABEL BOWDEN.



Very Sick, But Made Well.

MONROE, SEVIER CO., UTAH.

This is my first letter to the Letter
Box. As I was reading the little letters,
it gave me a desire to write a letter to
you. I was very sick once, and no one
thought I would live. The Elders ad-

ministered to me and now I am well. I
was baptized on my birthday when I
was eight years old, in the Sevier River.
I am nine years old now.

Your friend,
IRVIN WARNOCK.



Her First Letter.

MORONI, SANPETE COUNTY, UTAH.

I thought I would write a letter to
you. I love to read the letters of our
little friends in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.
My papa takes the INSTRUCTOR.
This is the first time I have ever writ-
ten. I go to Sunday School and Pri-
mary. I am a Mormon girl.

I will close with much love to all the
little Letter-Box writers and readers,

Your new friend,
ETHEL LIVINGSTON,
Age, eleven years.

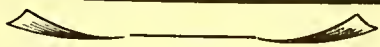


Crossing the Plains.

OVERTON, LINCOLN CO., NEVADA.

I love to read the letters in the Ju-
venile Instructor, and it encourages
me to write. I am thirteen years old.
My grandpa and grandma crossed the
plains with ox teams. My grandma
took sick on the plains, and the party
she was with did not expect her to live;
she was so bad one morning that they
gave her up, and grandpa went to look
for a burial place. But she had faith
that if she could get baptized she would
get well. So they put her in a sheet
and carried her down to the river and
baptized her and she got well. And
after living for ten years in Salt Lake
City, she accompanied her husband and
family to St. George, and there she died
of consumption. Grandpa died eight
years later, and they are both buried in
the little cemetery at St. George.

Your friend,
CLARA PERFINS.



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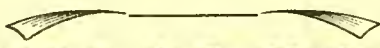
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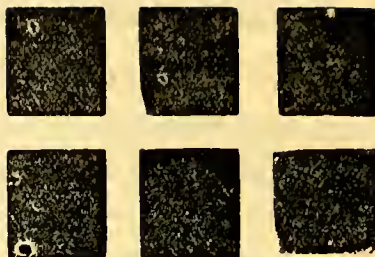
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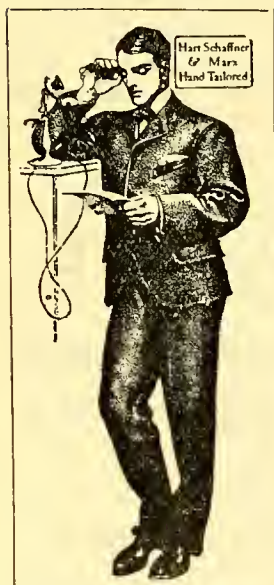
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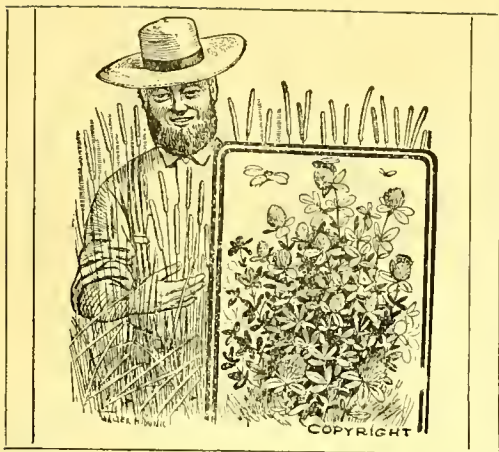
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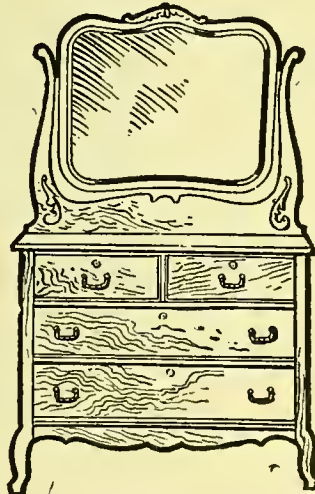
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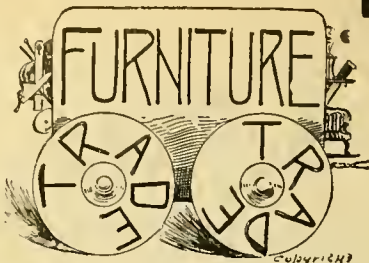
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